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## MY BOY.

My little boy lies sleeping. Stirless now  
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless  
lately;  
And the blue eyes beneath his thoughtful  
brow  
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float  
In careless grace upon the yielding pil-  
lows;  
The other on his breast rides like a boat  
Of summer billows.

About the couch where they his waking  
bide,  
His whilome playthings lie in rare confu-  
sion;  
And, underneath, the shoes he thought to  
hide  
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The wind moans at the  
door,  
And in the room the firelight's fitful  
gleaming  
Makes pleasant shadows on the crimson  
floor—  
I sit a dreaming.

I see afar the veiled uncertain land,  
That in the future waits his manhood's  
coming,  
And strive to dissipate, with love's strong  
hand,  
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laurelled kings,  
The wearers of the purple of the poet?  
Or like the heroes whom the poet sings?  
His life will show it.

Or if he be a soul from falsehood free,  
Though he should wear no laurels, sing  
no story,  
To bear his part with honest men shall be  
Enough of glory.

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

### CHAPTER V.

MISTRESS AND MAID—THE LOVERS.

"I am sure, my lady, nobody would think  
you were a happy bride, and to-morrow will  
be a happy wife."

"Why so, Linda?" inquired her lady, look-  
ing up from her embroidery with a sigh.

"Because you are so sad and melancholy.  
I see no reason why you should not be as gay  
as a lark, when you have so many particu-  
lar blessings in your favor."

"Is that the preface to the list of my  
special blessings, Linda?" asked Bertha, with  
a languid smile.

"No, my lady; but now I'll begin. First,  
then, you love, and are beloved by one of the  
handsomest, gayest, and most courageous  
youths in the King of Bohemia's renowned  
jager band."

"True; so far I am blessed. Proceed."

"Is he not the best marksman in the entire  
forest, and has he not been three times  
running crowned King of the Marksman?"

"Yes, yes; he has well gained all those  
honors."

"Why, then have any doubt regarding his  
success to-morrow? Then there is your  
father, who, instead of being like most  
fathers in romance and story, angry at your  
choice, loves your future husband almost  
like a son."

"He does, and is as anxious about Wil-  
helm's success as I am; but then comes the  
fear—if he should fail, Linda. Should he  
fail to hit the bull's-eye, and the drunken  
Killian, or that dark, revengeful Caspar,  
should prove the victor, then—"

"What, Miss Bertha, what?" cried Linda,  
with a sudden fear.

"I must become the wife of one or the  
other—of him who proves the victor."

"Holy mother, what a situation! But  
no, I'll not believe such a danger possible.  
And see, my lady, here comes your lover full  
of hope and confidence, to banish all ground-  
less alarm, and gladden your heart with as-  
surances of success and triumph!"

As she spoke, Wilhelm entered the rich  
oak chamber, with its gilded mouldings and  
painted ceiling, its state pictures of war  
and the chase, mighty antlers, boar's heads,  
and a thousand emblems of the hunt and  
war.

"Give me joy, Bertha! give me joy!"  
cried Wilhelm, gayly, as with buoyant step  
he strode across the hall to reach the side of  
his alliance.

"Your presence is ever joy and pleasure  
to me, Wilhelm; and I always welcome and  
leave you with the same fervid wish that  
happiness and joy may be yours," replied  
Bertha, welcoming her lover with all the  
devotion of her pure heart.

"Oh, see my lady!" cried Linda, taking  
Wilhelm's jager-cap and holding it up to Ber-  
tha's view. "See! here is an augury of suc-  
cess. Oh, what a splendid plume!" and with  
every evidence of delight, the girl drew the  
long eagle-feather through her fingers  
"only see, my lady!" and she held the cap  
high up, the better to display the length and  
breadth of the arching feather.

"It is indeed splendid; how—" replied  
Bertha, glancing inquiringly at the happy,  
smiling face of her lover.

"Aye, my Bertha, it is. How did I obtain  
it? Well, I have brave tidings to impart to



CASPAR CASTING THE MAGIC BALLS.

you connected with that feather I am so  
proud of," rejoined Wilhelm, as Bertha re-  
turned the cap to Linda, after examining  
the raven plume.

"What is it, Wilhelm?" she whispered,  
leaning with loving confidence on the shoul-  
der of the young and chivalrous jager.

"You know that my old skull with the  
rifle, once my pride and glory in many a  
past encounter, has lately quite deserted  
me, and I have been shamefully beaten by  
the youngest competitor at the butts."

"Alas! yes; I have heard that you had  
been unfortunate with every aim you had  
taken to-day. But, he not grieved, Wilhelm,  
nothing can change my love, which is too  
deeply fixed to be influenced by any reverses  
of fortune."

And she gazed into his eyes with a look of  
the most devoted affection.

"I know it well, my own dear Bertha;  
but I am not doomed to be always unfortu-  
nate. I believe I am now a truer marksman  
than ever, and have hastened here, late as it  
is, to impart my glad news to you—the joy  
and pride of my life!"

"And who will rejoice in your happiness  
more sincerely than your own true Bertha?  
Tell me all about it, Wilhelm?"

"I was wandering sadly across the shoul-  
der of the Rauhenwald, after the sun had  
set, when looking up I perceived the eagle,  
whose feather you so much admire in my  
cap. It was then a mere speck in the sky.  
When it fell, I took that plume as a  
trophy."

"I am so glad, Wilhelm, for it will de-  
light my father, who has been so anxious  
about you ever since his return from the  
village. He cannot bear the thought of my  
falling to any hand but yours, or that these  
old ancestral halls should become the property  
of the drunken Killian or—"

"He does, and is as anxious about Wil-  
helm's success as I am; but then comes the  
fear—if he should fail, Linda. Should he  
fail to hit the bull's-eye, and the drunken  
Killian, or that dark, revengeful Caspar,  
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"Aye, my Bertha, it is. How did I obtain  
it? Well, I have brave tidings to impart to

"But must you return to such a dreaded  
place to-night? Is it really necessary, Wil-  
helm?"

"It is, indeed. I must go to-night."

"I know not what it is, but a host of  
strange terrors take sudden possession of my  
mind. I cannot bear to part with you. Oh!

do not go; stay here, I beg of you."

"Do not go, Master Wilhelm; my mis-  
tress will know no rest or peace till she sees  
you again return in safety," importuned  
Linda, coming forward to plead for her mis-  
tress.

"It is impossible; I must go. What  
should I fear, Bertha? It is full moon to-  
night, and when she rises the forest will be  
as dark as day."

"By your love for me, Wilhelm, I implore  
you not to go, but sacrifice your game, and  
you, oh stay."

"Impossible, my dearest."

"You refuse my first and only request,  
Wilhelm," and she clung to his arm. "This  
is unkind. Oh! Wilhelm."

"I must, I must. Believe me, Bertha, it  
is for your love, for your sake. Farewell!  
Leave me, dearest; I must, I must visit the  
Wolf's Glen to-night."

And disengaging himself from her clinging  
clasp, Wilhelm rushed from the apartment,  
as Bertha, covering her face with her hands,  
dropped her head on the shoulder of her  
faithful maid.

Having carefully defined his round, he  
next collected a number of black stones, and  
placing them at equal distances apart, upon  
the drawn line, after a time completed the  
charmed circle.

Scarcely had the last stone been placed  
when peals of low, muttering thunder rolled  
in circles round the heavens, directly over  
the glen.

The moment he heard the thunder, Caspar  
placed a skull, the wing of the eagle Wil-  
helm had shot, a crucible, and a bullet  
mould, in the centre of the ring.

He dropped on one knee, beside the skull  
and crucible, at the same moment that the  
moon was again obscured, and the muttering  
thunder ceased.

The death-like silence that reigned around  
was suddenly broken by a low, wild chorus  
that seemed to float upon the air—

"Mist hath fallen from the moon,  
Blood the spider's web hath dyed.  
Woo! Woo!"

"Ere to-morrow reaches moon,  
Death will wed another bride!  
Woo! Woo!"

"Ere descends another sun,  
Deeds of darkness will be done!  
Woo! Woo!"

The owl that sat on the stunted pine  
opened and closed its eyes at every line, and  
while flapping its heavy wings, whooped the  
burthen of each verse.

As the mysterious chorus died away, the  
deep notes of the church bell struck the  
hour of midnight.

At the first stroke Caspar sprang to his  
feet, and drawing his hanger, slowly walked  
round the inner circle, striking each black  
stone with the point of his sword.

Twelve!

As the last stroke of the bell pealed  
through the air, Caspar drove his blade  
through the skull, and raising the glassy  
emblem of mortality towards the sky, ex-  
claimed,

"By the power I hold over you, Zamiel,  
summon you to appear, and answer to my  
bidding, whether in the caves beneath the  
earth, in mountain grotto, wood or brake, or  
skirring by in murky clouds, whether in  
earth, air or water—

"Hear me, Zamiel, hear me, hear,  
By this murderer's skull, appear!"

Hardly had the last word passed the  
page's lips, when a noise like subter-  
renean thunder, one of the rocks split asunder  
with a fearful noise, and the Red Hunts-  
man of the Hartz, Zamiel the fiend, stood  
in the opening.

Dropping the skull and sword, Caspar fell  
on his knee before the demon of the forest.

"Wherefore am I summoned, mortal?  
Speak!" demanded the fiend.

"Peace, and listen!" replied his com-

"Thou knowest my time is almost come,  
my term of compact nearly expired, and  
my mortal race almost run," replied Caspar,  
humbly.

"Not yet; one day. The hours 'twixt  
now and midnight are yet thine own."

"Grant me a further boon of life. Give  
me three years."

"Away, trifler; no."

"I will find another victim."

"Thou hast scant time."

"Nevertheless, Zamiel, I will."

"When?"

"Ere noon to-day."

"Whom?"

"One who gladly seeks to know thy dark  
mysteries."

"If so, mark thou the compact."

"Six bullets shall his will obey,  
The seventh is mine to mar or stay."

"Mighty Zamiel, hear me, and grant my  
supplication."

"Turn the seventh aside,  
And let it kill his bride!"

"She is a mortal, and over her I have no  
power. No more."

"Grant me this delay, Zamiel, but three  
short years to live, and Wilhelm shall be thy  
creature."

"Enough, ere midnight thou or he  
Must Zamiel's victim be."

A loud crash of thunder shook air and  
earth, the demon vanished, and the rock  
closed.

At the same moment the sword and skull  
broke through the earth, while a glowing fur-  
nace rose beneath the crucible, with a flask  
of wine.

When the demon first appeared, the clouds  
were swept from before the moon, but as he  
disappeared it became in a moment of a  
blood-red color, gleaming ominously, like a  
ball of fire from a leaden sky.

"Why tarries Wilhelm? He will not banish  
me away! Help me, Zamiel, help me here!  
The raw and bitter cold. What have we  
here?" he exclaimed, seeing the flask.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, good Zamiel!  
Ha! this has warmed and cheered me," he  
added, putting down the flask, after imbib-  
ing a deep draught.

"The crucible is well nigh heated. Why  
comes not Wilhelm? Hark!"

At that moment Wilhelm appeared, gro-  
ping his way down the rocks that overhung  
the glen.

"How dark and horribly wild this yawn-  
ing pit appears; the moon has turned blood-  
red, and gives no light. What a fearful  
omen," cried the lover, descending as far as  
the blasted tree.

"What mean these shrouded forms that  
lie before my eyes, and with their withered  
arms wave me back? Why burns that fire?  
and why hoots that dismal owl?" he ex-  
claimed, grasping the stem of the luminous  
tree.

"He comes at last. Thanks, Zamiel, for  
thy ready aid," muttered Caspar.

"I dare not ask the meaning of these por-  
tents; some power stronger than my will  
drags me on, and I must proceed," continued  
Wilhelm, in a tone of wailing protest at the  
unseen power of

panion, in the same subdued and fearful tones. "Be a man, and think only of Bertha; but on your life, whatever you may see or hear, speak not, move not."

After a moment's pause, and as the rim of the moon just rose above the black clouds, Caspar resumed, in the same low whisper, "

"Mark me well, and learn the art. See."

And laying a pencil before him containing the ingredients, and taking them up one by one, he pronounced their names aloud, and as he did so, dropped each in the red crucible.

"Mark! LEAD, A LAPWING'S EYE, SNAKE'S VENOM, GLASS FROM A CHURCH ALTAR, AN OWL'S HOOH, A FERRET'S TONGUE, SKIN FROM A MURDERER'S COFFIN, THREE CHARMED BALLS THAT HAVE HIT THEIR MARK, and last, to make the metal firm, QUICKSILVER AND SULPHUR-STONE!"

With solemn motion, Caspar then knelt down before the glowing furnace, and bent his head three several times over the contents of the crucible.

After thus blessing the smelting ingredients, he rose, and walking round the fire, chanted the following lines:

"Ye spirits of the evil dead,

In mystic numbers bless this lead;

Three murderers, deep in blood alike,

Charm the bullets, that they strike!"

When he had finished, Caspar again bowed his head three times over the crucible, and removing it from the fire, took up the mould, and made ready to cast the bullets.

With every faculty absorbed in the contemplation of his companion, Wilhelm hung trembling over Caspar, watching with intense interest and absolute terror each operation, and as the fearful ceremony proceeded it was with the greatest difficulty, and only by exerting the most rigid control over himself, that he subdued the natural exclamations that rose to his lips as the process of casting went on.

Remembering Caspar's emphatic injunction neither to speak or move, but to think only of Bertha, he was enabled to suppress all emotion, and silently watch the awful mystery to the end.

With a hand that, by a strong effort, he made steady, Caspar poured the fluid metal in the mould, and after a brief pause opened the frame, and, allowing the bullet to fall in his hat, exclaimed in a loud voice—

"One!"

"One! one! one!" replied an echo from each quarter of the glen, each succeeding echo more hideous in its sound than the former.

"Whoop, whoop, whoop," hooted the owl.

The moment Caspar cried "one," myriads of kites, ravens, owls, and monstrous bats filled the glen, and hovered over the heads of Wilhelm and his companion, the owl on the tree at every casting opening and shutting its eyes, flapping its wings, and hooting daily.

The moment the bullet fell all the birds vanished.

Again Caspar filled the mould, and dropping a bullet, proclaimed—

"Two!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

At the instant the number was declared the Witch of the Wolf's Glen rose at Caspar's side, and stalked round him with defiant gestures; at the same time lizards, snakes, toads, and enormous serpents twined themselves round the circle, and threatened the two mortals with their forked tongues and venomous fangs, the whole vanishing in an instant as before.

"Three!"

"Three! three! three! three!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

A terrific hurricane of wind and rain swept over the glen like a flash of lightning, tearing up trees, snapping others in two, and filling the air with flying branches, while hideous faces and heads of frightful monsters appeared in all directions, making revolting grimaces, and leering savagely at Caspar and his companion.

With a voice he in vain tried to make firm, Caspar, after repeating the former ceremony, cried—

"Four!"

"Four! four! four! four!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

As this number was pronounced, the glen was filled with the most discordant noises, among which the rattling of wheels, cracking of whips, and the trampling of a host of charging horses, were the most conspicuous, while at the same time an enormous wheel of fire, throwing off sheets of flame at every revolution, rolled with fearful velocity round the magic circle.

With a deeply agitated voice, Caspar declared the next number—

"Five!"

"Five! five! five! five!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

This number was followed by total darkness, by the wild cry of hunters, the vehement barking of dogs, neighing of horses, and the shrill, shrill blast of the hunter's horn, instantly followed by the rout of a skeleton hunt; stags, dogs, horses, hunters, all skeletons, flashed round the circuit of the glen like a meteor, amidst all the wild shouts and madish revelry of a hellish race.

The white bones of the skeletons gleamed out of the darkness like phosphorescent fire.

"Horror of horrors! what a fearful omen!" gasped Caspar, as the infernal crew vanished. "It is the Wild Hunter's skeleton chase!"

"Six!"

"Six! six! six! six!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

A terrific storm of rain, hail, and thunder broke on the instant over the glen, while sheets of lightning and fiery meteors flashed with blinding intensity to and fro through the air.

The cataract, hitherto voiceless, became blood red, and roared and foamed in deafening discord.

Mountains were split, and huge boulders of rock rolled into the glen with thundering crash.

The owls, bats, kites, and vultures once more soared round the heads of the tempest and the tempest.

The snakes, lizards, and reptiles again attempted to enter the dread circle; the ghoulish heads and hideous faces once more mewed at and menaced them on all sides, and the skeleton hunt of its infernal rout again circled the weird world.

At the same time, as a further source of intimidation to deter Caspar from the completion of his task, the Female Spectre and the Witch of the Glen in all their sickening horror, with outstretched arms, stood before him.

"Back—back!"

"Fie—fie—fie!"

Sounded in hollow accents.

Almost mad with suspense and fear, Caspar waved the spectral phantoms away, and

with trembling hands for the last time filled the mould, and as he dropped the bullet, gasped almost with a shriek, "Seven! seven! seven! seven!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

A vivid streak of lightning at the same instant struck the blasted tree with the shimmering bark, and buried it across the magic circle, scattering the furnace, fire, and crucible in all directions.

The owl on the opposite tree, after the last host, dropped dead from its branch.

A rock was split asunder with a deafening crash, and Zamiel, with a malign smile on his hideous features, was revealed in the opening.

At sight of the fiend, Caspar fell senseless on the earth, and Wilhelm, in shuddering horror, hid his face in his hands, and sunk unconsciously on his knees.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMPETITION—THE SEVENTH BALL, AND FATE OF THE VILLAIN.

"You must consider the prince's visit to see you, Wilhelm, as a high honor, a mark of distinction not often shown by his highness to one of his jagers," Meinher Kuno, the Grand Warden observed, as, about an hour before the time fixed for the grand shooting match, he and his intended son-in-law turned out of one of the forest glades, on their way to the village. "I have been Grand Warden since the death of my father, now nearly forty years, yet I never knew of such an instance of grace and condescension."

"I hope I have shown myself sensible of his highness's kindness to me," replied Wilhelm, gratefully.

"Aye, aye, quite so, lad; and I may say his highness is greatly taken with you, and quite charmed with your management of the rifle."

"Was the prince expected, sir?"

"Well, yes; he partly promised me to be here, and see my daughter's happy woe, as he called you, Wilhelm, and be present to award the prize to the victor."

"You never mentioned the subject to any of us, sir."

"No, because he did not want the fact to be hinted abroad till the last moment. He would have been here sooner, but for the fearful storm that flood the roads last night."

"True, it was a terrific night," replied Wilhelm, with a shudder, as he thought of the adventure in the Wolf's Glen.

"I cannot recollect a more fearful storm of rain, wind, and thunder, in all my long experience. 'Twas just such a night as the old cronies used to declare the Wild Hunter was abroad upon with his hellish rout. Are you ill, Wilhelm?"

"No, no—why?" stammered the young jager, attempting to hide his confusion by a hasty disclaimer.

"Because you turned so ghastly white at the mention of the Frieschutz and his skeleton hunt."

"'Twas nothing, sir. But 'tis a fearful legend, that of a lost soul driving a hellish troop."

"It is, indeed. But, farewell, for the present, I must look after Bertha. Keep as much as you can with the prince, Wilhelm; he already has a high regard for you, Asieu!"

"Yes, fortune smiles on me, indeed, and in a manner I never could have hoped for," soliloquized Wilhelm, as the aged Kuno left him, and he leant thoughtfully on his rifle. "But how have I obtained it? Has success and good fortune given me happiness? Alas, no!"

The horrors of last night will never fade from my mind, and I have but one bullet left of all those so fearfully obtained."

"Good-morrow, comrade. What, in a brown study, Wilhelm? Why, man, what right hast thou to be sad or thoughtful on such a day as this?" cried Caspar, as he turned into the open glade and laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"What, you here, Caspar?" exclaimed Wilhelm, starting at the unexpected voice.

Then, turning round, he added—

"By the way, well met. You were the very man I wanted to see."

"I am glad of that; it is always pleasant to know you are expected by your friends, and looked for with interest. Why?"

"You have some more of those charmed bullets, Caspar?"

"True, I have."

"Then, like a good fellow, give them to me, and bind me to you for ever."

"Well, upon my life, Wilhelm," replied Caspar, as, dropping his rifle on the ground, and leaning his elbow on the muzzle, he surveyed his comrade with a look of smiling incredulity, "you are about the coolest fellow at arms I ever saw. I have had the good or bad fortune to meet with."

"How so?"

"How so? Why, comrade, look here—I am to instruct you in the mystery of casting these magic balls, and take the chief responsibility in their preparation, and then give you all the bullets. Why, confound it, man, where is your conscience? Give you all?"

"Not all, Caspar."

"True, we divided them *equally*, did we not? I gave you *four*, and kept *three* to myself, no, a bad half for you, Wilhelm; was it? Come confess."

"And yet I have only *one* left," added Wilhelm, sadly.

"Hang it, man, only one! What have you done with the other three?"

"You know Prince Ottocar is here?"

"Well, yes, I have heard all about him coming to see the shooting-match, and give away the bride. But what has this to do with your bullets?"

"Why, the prince wanted to see my skill, and induced me to fire three shots, which, of course, I did with great success, before all the villagers and their friends."

"Well, if you must needs show your loyalty to the prince so soon in the day as this, you might at least have done so with common balls."

"But, then, I might have failed."

"True; but you have still one left for the trial, and that ought to satisfy you."

"But only think what depends upon to-day! Should a second shot be necessary, and I only certain of one, oh! think, my friend, Bertha might be lost to me for ever!"

"My friend, Wilhelm, you have no conscience; I have acted more than fairly in this matter—nay, literally. I gave you four out of seven."

"But I only importune for *one* ball, Caspar—only one!"

"You speak to the rocks, Wilhelm. You had four, and if you choose to squander away three of them to curry favor with an old, besotted prince, why you have no right to ask your friends to get you out of your own scrape."

"Only one, Caspar! one will insure my happiness, and give me confidence."

"No, Wilhelm, no, you talk to the winds; I have given you all I mean to part with, and you shall have no more. Fair play, comrade, is a jewel."

"Wilhelm! Wilhelm! where are you?" shouted a voice from the forest.

"Here; I am here. Who wants me?" replied Wilhelm, answering the call.

Then turning to Caspar, he added,

"It is Kilian; what can he want? Here, Kilian, here."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

#### The Windmill.

Ex-Governor Fairfield, of Michigan, relates the following beautiful incident of Prussian history:—

I remember—if you will pardon me for this word of illustration; I know a windmill is an ordinary thing, that there is nothing beautiful about it; but I remember seeing one that seemed beautiful. It had history. Its history you will allow me to revert to. When Frederick the Great was Emperor of Prussia, he went out a little way from Berlin and built him a palace at Sans Souci. He and the Empress were seated one Sabbath afternoon in their beautiful grounds, and the Empress said: "I don't like that old windmill over there; I wish you would buy the grounds and tear it away, as it mars the beauty of our grounds, and right alongside, and so near them here." "I'll do it to-morrow," said he.

So on the morrow he went to the miller and told him he wished to buy his little homestead. "I don't wish to sell," said the miller.

"But," said the Emperor, "I must have it. I wish to extend and beautify my grounds, and your windmill is an eyesore to the empress."

"But," said he, "my grandfather is buried yonder, and my father is buried there, and this has been the home of my ancestors for generations; I want to live and die here, and I cannot sell it."

The Emperor getting out of patience, said he would order his men to tear the mill down, and take possession of the grounds. Said the miller, "May it please your majesty, there are laws in Prussia, and I can say you."

"I don't care," said the Emperor, and went on to tear down the mill. The miller sued him, and the courts decided against his majesty, and declared that he should rebuild the mill, and pay, to the last farthing, all the miller

had lost.

The Emperor bowed his head, went to the miller and told him he wished to buy his little homestead. "I don't wish to sell," said the miller.

"But," said the Emperor, "I must have it. I wish to extend and beautify my grounds, and your windmill is an eyesore to the empress."

"But," said he, "my grandfather is buried yonder, and my father is buried there, and this has been the home of my ancestors for generations; I want to live and die here, and I cannot sell it."

The miller getting out of patience, said he would order his men to tear the mill down, and take possession of the grounds. Said the miller, "May it please your majesty, there are laws in Prussia, and I can say you."

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had lost.

The Emperor bowed his head, went to the miller and told him he wished to buy his little homestead. "

## Anecdotes of an Eminent Painter.

Horace Vernet, the eminent French artist, was returning from Versailles to Paris, when there happened to be in the same carriage with him two English spinster ladies, very prudish and prim, and of a certain age. Vernet's appearance was striking, and the ladies, after scanning him attentively whenever they thought he was looking the other way, began to communicate to one another their observations upon him in a rather loud whisper, thinking, apparently, that as they spoke in their own language they were at liberty to make what comments they pleased. The veteran painter was intensely amused, but was too much a man of the world to manifest the slightest consciousness of what was going on. It was not long before the train had to pass through a tunnel. Vernet, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward, so as to be within hearing of his neighbors, and applied a smacking salute to the back of his hand. On emerging from the temporary obscurity, his face had assumed a mischievous expression which, as he intended, was soon interpreted by each lady to the prejudice of the other, each charging each with having received from the moustached stranger the mysterious kiss in the dark. Arrived at the terminus, as were all a-coming, Vernet offered his hand to help his fellow-travellers out of the carriage, and then with a graceful bow, took leave of them, saying as he retired, to their dismay, in perfectly correct English, "Adieu, ladies; I suppose I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing to which of you I am indebted for the unexpected but valued favor I received in the tunnel."

Vernet was one day breakfasting at the *Cafe de Foy*, in the Palais Royal, when, drawing a bottle of champagne, the cork flew up to the ceiling, leaving behind it an unsightly blemish in the newly-decorated surface. Vernet looked at the damage, and ugly enough it was, in the midst of that pure white and gold firmament; then he looked at the face of mine host, and beheld in it a mixture of consternation and suppressed anger. "My good sir," said Vernet, "make yourself easy, to-morrow I will touch that offending spot with a wand which will make it the source of golden showers." The landlord opened his eyes, and he opened his ears; he was too politic to object to an arrangement which sounded so promising, though he did not exactly understand it. The morrow came, and with it, at an early hour, came Horace Vernet with his pallet and paint-brushes. He asked for a ladder, and in less than an hour the centre of the injured compartment was embellished with a swallow on the wing, destined to form the attraction and admiration of coming generations of customers. Contrary to the assertion of the proverb, that one swallow of Horace Vernet not only made a summer, but it created a perpetual summer in the financial atmosphere of the *Cafe de Foy*. The story got wind, and every one wanted to see Horace Vernet's hieronimie; and in order to see it, and to say they had seen it, it was necessary to expend a certain sum in eatables. Never was caged bird so petted and cared for, and in all subsequent decorations of the premises the world-famed swallow was respected and preserved. Even now that the house has changed its destination—being no longer a *Cafe*—the swallow of Horace Vernet still soars above the heads of admiring connoisseurs, who come to visit it with increased enthusiasm, now that its gifted author has passed away.

A wealthy Jewish banker was anxious to put on canvas by Vernet. A picture of Vernet's, he reflected, was an investment as well as a joy forever. It might, some years hence, fetch a very high price, and was therefore worth securing even at a small sacrifice. Vernet, however, he knew, was not a man to make two prices, and his only chance was cleverly to enjoin him into naming a low figure the first time. Vernet at once saw the game of his wily customer; he looked him in the face, and with one glance took him in from head to foot, estimated the length of his pocket, and at the same time the measure of his meanness; he then said, in a resolute tone:—

"M. le Baron, my price for a full length portrait of you would be ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! My dear Vernet, would you ruin me? I can't give that sum for a mere portrait."

Vernet shrugged his shoulders.

"That is just as you please; there is no necessity to put yourself to the expense, and, indeed, it seems to me very foolish way of spending your money; but that is not my affair. I wish you good morning."

M. le Baron stood bewildered; he wanted the portrait, but he could not make up his mind to part with so great a sum; he went home a sadder but not perhaps a wiser man. He resolved to shake off all thought of this extravagant indulgence, but it would come back upon him, have it he must, and in less than a week he was again in the painter's studio.

"Well, M. Vernet," he began, "have you thought over the matter we were talking about the other day?"

"No, upon my word I haven't indeed," said the painter, without suspending his occupation; "I have been very busy, and as it was a settled matter when you left me, there was no object in thinking of it again. We have had a pleasant change in the weather, M. le Baron, since I saw you," added he, after a pause.

R— could scarcely conceal his vexation, and felt more desirous than ever to possess the object of his longings.

"Now, M. Vernet, I am still open to arrangement for that picture, and I came to-day to offer you five thousand francs for it; but, mind, not one centime more. When shall I give you the first sitting?"

"Oh, my dear sir, don't mention it again, pray. I had the honor to name to you my conditions; you must be good enough to regard them as final. Good-morning, M. R.," and he politely conducted his visitor to the door, pallet in hand.

"Confound the fellow's impudence," exclaimed the disappointed *millionnaire*, finding himself alone on the landing. "Why, hang him he's as obstinate as a mule. I shan't manage him after all!" and he went away puffed and mortified. Another and another haggling interview took place; but always with the same niggardly policy on the part of the banker, and the same cool indifference on that of the painter. A long interval of hesitation followed, when one day Baron R., having screened himself up to the required pitch, and resolved to have his portrait, even at the starting sum demanded, again presented himself in the painting-room.

"M. Vernet!" he exclaimed, "you have

gained your point; I give in—paint me at your own price!"

"Paint you!" exclaimed Vernet, with well feigned surprise; "what, again?"

"Why, I have painted your portrait, ever so long ago; all the time you were sitting huxtering there, I was taking your portrait, and as you are so poor, I will make you the compliment of it; you are painted without any charge."

"Generous man!" exclaimed the modern Shylock; "I accept; where is the magic canvas, that I may admiring it?"

"You will find it in the *Place de la Sausa*, now at Versailles; it has just been removed from my studio into its place."

R— hastened to Versailles, he rushed into the midst of the admiring crowd congregated before the latest production of the great painter; he searched the surface with palpitating heart; but imagine his dismay; in one corner of the grand picture he saw himself represented the diabolical figure of a Jew running away with a casket! He hurried back to Paris, and after reproaching Vernet with the severity of his pincers, begged him, on any terms, to paint it out.

"I consent," said Vernet; "but on this condition, I asked you 10,000 francs to paint your portrait, and you could well afford to give it me; but you bargained with genius, though you expected and would have received its unlimited exertions; I now demand 20,000 to efface it, and if you refuse, it remains there as a reminiscence of this little joke." Vernet was inexorable; the Jew could never bring himself to draw so large a cheque, even to undraw such a picture, and he went out of the world, leaving behind him the equivocal moment.

## AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain With banners, by great gales incessantly fanned.

Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,

And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain! Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne, Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended

So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;

Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;

Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;

And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,

Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves! —LONGFELLOW.

## Amusements.

A story is told of one of the Roman Catholic saints that a man who found him playing chess one day said to him—"Father, what should you do if you knew you should die this afternoon?" The saint lifted his queen to make a move, and looked at his interlocutor calmly. "Do," said he, "why, I should finish this game of chess." It is an excellent comment on the absurd reasoning of those persons who are always arguing against amusement because there are higher objects in life than mere entertainment.

Doubtless there are grander than eating and drinking, but where is the mortal who is disposed habitually to go without his dinner? The man who tried to teach his dinner to live on air succeeded excellently until he got him down to a straw a day, and then inconsiderately and inconsistently the horse died. Some people seem to think it a final argument when they say sententiously—

"Do you think there will be any amusements in Heaven?" It strikes us that A.

is just as much at liberty to suppose there will be amusements in Heaven as B. is to suppose there will not. Whatever of innocent pleasure is best suited to the denizens of that Celestial Country will without doubt await them, and there is no reason to suppose human nature beyond the grave will be altogether different from human nature this side of it.

## Scene in Court.

The judge of one of the New Orleans municipal courts sat gloomy and grand on his bench of crimson. The prisoner occupied the dock, apparently meek and downcast.

She had a merry twinkle in her eye, however, that promised mischief, and had the magnate but perceived it, he would have been more careful in his questions:—

"How many times are you coming up here?"

"What, yer honor?"

"How many times are you coming before me? This is the third time the present week."

"Oh, no, yer honor."

"Didn't I see you here yesterday?"

"Why, no, yer honor; it was last night yet see me, in the concert saloon. It was a bit of drink we had together, and yer honor did talk beautifully, wid your cunnin' ways and saucy jokes. Aye, yer honor's the man for the gals: yees are smart."

"Stop your tongue—you can go."

"Thank ye, yer honor."

The prisoner went out—the judge blushed, and the audience roared.

## Living in London.

There is no ill-nature in London life. From envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, so rife in a small neighborhood, we find ourselves delightfully free, and I enjoy liberty and independence unknown before, simply because people know too little of each other to interfere; but, on the other side, old friendships and neighborly interests are wanting too. No doubt there are warm friendships and intimacies in London as well as in the country, but few and far between.

"Now, M. Vernet, I am still open to arrangement for that picture, and I came to-day to offer you five thousand francs for it; but, mind, not one centime more. When shall I give you the first sitting?"

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## The Great Earthquake.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.—Our Legation at Lima, Peru, have forwarded dispatches to Washington, giving additional particulars of the destruction by the late earthquakes in that country. We copy the material portions, as follows:

A large, and the most prolific part of the Republic of Ecuador is in ruins, caused by a strong shock at half past one o'clock on the morning of the 16th of the same month. This earthquake seems to have had its centre in the province of Imbabura, near the volcano of Ocapa, about sixty miles north of the city of Quito. Eight towns with the adjoining haciendas and populations are said to have been destroyed, numbering from forty to fifty-four thousand inhabitants. The cities of Otavalo and Cotacachi, containing respectively about twelve and eight thousand inhabitants, and situated on the shores of the lake Mojanda, are said to have been swallowed up with their entire populations, and their sites have become a part of the lake. The city of Ibarra, with a population of thirteen thousand is totally destroyed, only about three thousand of the inhabitants escaping, and the towns of Atuntaque is levelled with the earth, burying all its inhabitants in its ruins. Nor is the injury confined to the cities and towns, but all of the haciendas of the province, the richest in Ecuador, growing sugar and grain, and producing large numbers of cattle and sheep, have, as it were, been swept out of existence.

To heighten the gloom, despondency and misery of all, the terrific thunder storms of the tropics seem to have redoubled their forces, and have literally deluged the whole country. In Peru, also, proud and rebellious Arequipa is levelled with the dust. Arica swept from the seashore, with but one solitary house remaining, whilst the district and city of Moquegua, with its rich villages, vineyards and haciendas are but the wrecks of things that were. Had the earthquake in Peru taken place at night time, as it did at Ecuador, the loss of life would have exceeded one hundred thousand souls. As it was, the loss in Peru is less, but the loss of property far greater.

Want, hunger and famine in these unhappy countries are striding through all classes in the midst of the unburied dead, and a general paralyzation of thought and action, seems to pervade the land. This is no doubt caused by the continuous shocks since, and the great fear of other calamities, and to add to the consternation of the world, fearful and helpless, robbers, in some localities, are said to be sucking and pillaging everything within their reach.

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Mr. A. B. Hovey, our commissioner, who sends the despatch, refers to the generosity of our country toward other suffering communities, earnestly commends the afflicted people of Peru and Ecuador to the charity of the Christian people of the United States. Secretary Seward, in making public the dispatch, hopes "that it may excite not only the sympathy but the active charity of all the civilized nations."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PETRIFICATION.—About six years ago Mr. Amos Broughton died in Wayne county, in this state, (New York) and was buried there. After his death his widow and children moved to Buskirk's Bridge in this county, where they now reside. A few days ago the family of the deceased resolved to bring the remains of the father from Wayne county, and have them deposited in a cemetery near their present residence. In furtherance of this purpose the grave was opened and the coffin exposed, but all ordinary efforts to lift it from its position proved ineffectual. The coffin lid was therefore removed, when it was found that the body was in the most perfect state of petrification. It was covered with a dry mould, which, when removed, revealed a surface almost as white and pure as marble. The body showed not the least particle of decay. Every feature and limbament was perfectly preserved, and when stood upright it presented the appearance of a finely-chiseled statue. When Mr. Broughton died he weighed about two hundred pounds, while the remains had increased in weight by petrification to eight hundred pounds. Before the body was interred at Buskirk's it was seen by the family, friends and many others there. It is the most perfect and wonderful instance of petrification of human remains that has ever come to our knowledge.—*Troy Press*.

TRADES OF THE CHINESE REBELLION.—"Carleton" writes to the Boston Journal from China:

"Upon every hand, not only here in Nanjing, but every mile along the river, are ruins. Residents here say that the destruction of life may be estimated at twenty-five millions. The struggle commenced in the southwest province of Yuuan, on the borders of Burmah. It spread down the valley of the Yang-tze to Shanghai, and down the Yellow river to Peking. Every one of the great cities of the interior fell into the hands of the rebels. They took possession of town and country, it was a struggle in which no quarter was shown by either party. Heads of prisoners were chopped off without compunction, that vengeance might overtake them in the future world. The rebels consumed all that came in their way. Desolation marked their progress. Disease and famine followed them. It was a struggle which lasted nearly twenty years. We look out from the deck of the steamer upon heaps of ruins which mark the site of towns once populous. Capt. Friend, of this steamer, saw the last victorious attack of the Imperial troops upon the rebels at this city, the cutting off of heads on the shore, the sinking of thousands of rebels in the river as they attempted to escape. There was no mercy, no compassion, no humanity. The Imperial troops were animated by one desire only—to kill; and that had been the policy of the rebels. It was a terrible harvest which was reaped on these meadows during those years."

"A man who ran away from his wife in Indiana twenty-six years ago, has just returned. She had married again, but wilfully rejoined her first husband. He had been to California, and brought back a fortune."

"A lady, in a crowd of children in France, being bitten by a mad dog, held on to the animal till he could be secured, and thus saved the lives of the others. For this brave the Government has given her a gold medal."

"In England they fine \$500 and dismiss from office any revenue officer who takes an active part in politics."

"In Connecticut, a boy of 20 has just married a widow of 50 who has seven children. The bride is six years older than his new 'papa.'"

"The Boston Post thinks the Queen of Madagascar has instrumental designs against our amiable Secretary of State, because she has sent him presents of teapots and bed quilts. This is probably the reason Mr. Seward intends marrying again. He needs a protector from the 'widowers.'

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## OCTOBER.

The summer rose is dead;  
The sad leaves, withered,  
Strew ankle-deep the pathways to our tread.  
Dry grasses mat the plain,  
And drifts of blossoms slain;  
And day and night the wind is like a pain.

No nightingale to sing  
In green boughs, listening,  
Through balmy twilight bushes of the spring.  
No thrush, no oriole  
In music to out-roll  
The little golden raptures of his soul.

Oh royal summer reign!  
Where will you come again,  
Bringing the happy birds across the main?  
Oh blossoms! when renew  
Your waiting, wild-bee lovers back to you?

For lo, my heart is numb;  
For lo, my heart is dumb—  
Is silent till the birds and blossoms come!  
A flower, that lieth cold  
Under the wintry mold,  
Waiting the warm spring-breathing to unfold.

Oh swallow! all too slow  
Over the waves you go,  
Dipping your light wings in their sparkling  
flow.  
Over the golden sea,  
Oh swallow! flying free,  
Fly swiftly with the summer back to me.  
—Overland Monthly.

## THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

## CHAPTER I.

TERRY O'CONNELL'S LUCK.

One evening in early June, a good many years ago, Terry O'Connell came home from his work and astonished his wife and family by making this announcement—

"It's in luck we are at last—and we may all fail aisy and joyful the rist on our lives."

The party thus addressed, consisted of a fresh-looking little woman with a bright pair of brown eyes, a neat figure tidily dressed in homely stuff, and four healthy, happy, handsome children, the eldest, a boy of fifteen, with a sister a year younger, and the other two, a girl of seven, and a rosy, spoilt boy of two.

They occupied the lower floor of a poor sort of house in a little court running out of a cross street down town. Their apartments were a front and back room of ordinary size, and they also claimed the use of a garret above stairs. Owing to this additional convenience, the two rooms below boasted some attempt at elegance. The front one was undeniably a best room, and in right of that position boasted a fresh rag carpet, half-length curtains of clean muslin, a bed with a gay chintz cover, and a settee with a green morocco cushion. But it was not in this state apartment that Mr. O'Connell had broken out to the surprise of his family. The other and less pretentious room was the one in common use, and being small, it was at present occupied principally by a table spread for supper, and the old-fashioned ten-plate stove at which that meal was prepared.

The young O'Connells raised a chorus of inquiries and exclamations. "Oh, daddy, is it something good?" "What are ye going to give us, daddy?" and "I'm so glad daddy's in luck, daddy's in luck!" amidst which the little mother raising her hand to command silence, asked in a tone of suppressed interest,

"And what kind ev luck is it, Terry, dear?"

Terry had thrown himself into the sturdy wooden arm-chair at the head of the table as he came in with his news; he now flung his old blue cap among the children, and begged his wife to give him "a bowl of tay an' something to put the hunger o' him," while he narrated at length their good fortune.

The impatient interest of the party in the disclosure, was displayed by the haste they made to urge forward the recital. Tim, the eldest, dashed the cap consigned to him against the wall until it alighted on the peg where it belonged. Mary Ann, a girl of great personal promise, put milk and sugar into the bowl into which the mother passed the tea, and Kitty took "little Peter," the baby of the establishment, off the paternal boof, which he had just mounted for a ride, and hushed his protests with a spoonful of sugar, lest he should disturb the narration.

"Ye see," began Terry, with his mouth full, and an effort at importance which the hot tea disturbed, "I've been in the employ o' Mither McEwing and Sloane, this four year, an' it's myself will testify, if made be, that they're born gentlemen in their ways, an' no manness whatever about them."

"Sure we know that!" cried Mrs. O'Connell, with impatient emphasis, "take another time to praise their characters, Terry."

"An' ye must know," proceeded Terry, slowly and determinedly adhering to his own plans of communication. "They've not shown themselves above noticin' me. Ov course I always tried to do me duty by them, but yer not always thanked for it, an' so I must give Mither McEwing and Sloane, this crid! of speakin' many a kind word till me that had no right to look for."

His wife, who had stood leaning over the table to catch his words, here sat down resignedly and folded her arms in submission to her husband's style. Seeing this, Terry was moved to concession and went on.

"It was yesterday afternoon that I noticed somethin' was worryin' the gintlemen—they wint back'ards and for'ards looking mighty distressed like, an' when I carried anythin' into the countin' room, I saw them scargin' about an' lookin' square. The clerks looked at each other without speakin', an' we all lit mighty uneasy, for no one know'd what was the matter. This mornin' when Mither McEwing came down, he brought Miss Sarah wid him, an' they had a great talk wid Mr. Sloane. By an' by the lady calls out to me, an' says she, 'Terry, will ye step this way?' I will, ma'am," says I, wid my best bow. 'It's a poor chance,' says she, 'but my brother is perplexed about a paper that has been lost. It used to be kept in the safe, but is now gone, no one knows where; you helped a man to clean up this place last summer, an' it's

barely possibly this paper may have been bundled up with the rubbish he carried away.' 'It's not possible, Sarah,' says Mr. McEwing, shakin' his head, 'I sorted the things meself, an' I couldn't have overlooked it.' 'It's a chance,' says she, an' wint on repatin' the question if I had seen it. Now do you mind, Rosie, that John was going to teach Tim to write, an' I brought home all the loose bits of paper I could find for the copies. My heart lapsed into me mouth when she spoke, for I minded sortin' out the clanc bits after Dick, the nagur, had gathered them into a basket. I had rolled them up an' put them in an old box in the cellar an' left them there, because Tim got into the school at that time, an' I didn't make the copies. 'Kape aisy,' says I, 'an' tell me what the thing is like yer lookin' for.' 'It's long, wid red sales on it,' cries Miss Sarah. 'An' I flew off down the cellar, an' I scrambled through the box till I got the very thing they wanted. When I give it to them, they were so relaxed they couldn't speak, so I took the idea that it was important."

Here Mr. O'Connell drew breath, and refreshed himself with tea, whilst his wife kept her wondering brown eyes fixed on his flushed face.

"Now comes the luck," cried he, with sudden excitement. Says Miss Sarah, 'Terry, you've saved us much trouble an' expense.' Says Mither McEwing and Mither Sloane, 'Terry, we're beholden to ye, an' we won't forget it.' 'Ye're entirely welcome,' says I, wid my best bow, an' I come away—not to seem mane, or as if I was lookin' for a reward. But in the course of an hour, Miss Sarah comes to me an' gives me a clanc folded paper. 'It's a deed, Terry,' says she, 'a deed of a homestead for yer family; it's a little way out o' town, but the walk will do ye no harm, an' the fresh air will be the life o' the children!'

Here Mr. O'Connell paused and looked solemnly round on his wife and offspring— "What do ye think o' that?" he asked, majestically, "do ye know yourselves as owners o' property, or do ye think yer draming, as I did when I heard it first?"

The children were inwardly disappointed at the prosy termination of their father's exultant joy, which they had hoped would develop toys or candy, were yet sufficiently alive to their parent's pleasure to say, "Oh, that'll be splendid, an' mammy can have a garden."

Tom and Mary Ann, in right of their advanced years, realized the position and looked grand.

Mr. O'Connell burst forth in a mixture of joy and enthusiasm. "It's luck, indeed, Terry, dear," she said, earnest gratitude in her upturned eyes and the trembling of a realized hope in her tone. A tear or two stole on her cheek and dropped on her husband's rough coat sleeve as she leaned over and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. "And it's more than luck, it's a blessing," she continued.

"It's luck," said her husband, decisively. "Ye may call it what ye like, but it's just luck, an' I'm thankful for it."

"There's John," cried his wife, starting up as the front door opened and a footstep crossed the passage. "Oh, John, dear, did yer ye hear such good news?" And she rushed into a hurried recounting of their good fortune.

The person she addressed was a handsome and very well grown lad of seventeen or thereabout, but from his height he might have been called twenty. He had a fine, expressive face, that was thoughtful without wanting in life or good humor, and a figure that was well developed without being heavy or clumsy. He called O'Connell and his wife father and mother, but looked tall and unlike either. He was better dressed, better mannered and better looking than the other boys of the family, but was entirely without assertion of this in either voice or action.

On hearing of the gift of Mr. McEwing, he equalized his mother in his delight, and inquired about its position with great interest.

"It was very like Miss Sarah, mother, to say it would be good for the children to have fresh air," he said, approvingly. "And I believe that the gift came from her suggestion entirely."

"Do ye mane that Mither McEwing and Sloane have no failings like pintiemens?" said his father sternly, and with a sense of importance in defending the firm. "Yer farman at fault there, John, for it was the hand writin' of Mither McEwing signed the paper. I tuck it to Billy Boyle to read for me, an' he tould me the same."

John respectfully withdrew all appearance of opposition, and his father rose from the table, saying—

"I've had my bite and my sup, and I'll ga over the length of Jim Cronin's and tell me luck. I'll be back before you'll be goin' to bed, Rosie."

Terry O'Connell stretched out his legs and thrust his hands into his pockets with a suddenness of importance.

"I'm thinkin' o' sellin' out an' speckilatin'," said he, sentimentally.

The boy raised his eyes for an instant to his mother's face—then dropped them to be absorbed in his book.

"Are ye, now?" said she cheerfully, "just see the stupidity o' me, for I never tuck a thought that such a thing could be done till I was tould."

"Small blame to ye," said Terry, paternizingly. "We have had little to do with such things—it's a man's business, ye understand."

"Of course," she returned, "because a man gains the respect and attention of the world from bein' an owner o' a house; it's all they want to make them gentlemen in this country. I've heard that when any one's opinions is backed by property, it makes a great differ wid what they call society. No one knows better how to spare their mind nor yourself, Terry, an' it's glad I am that yer going to be a country gentleman, as I may say. Arrah, what am I talkin' about," she added quickly, and in a changed tone, "I'm forgettin' that yer going to be a country gentleman."

"It's not gone yet," replied Terry, shifting in his chair. "I'm in no hurry to interview my names." He looked about him with ridiculous importance, and added, "I can hear what Billy and Jim say, without follyin' their advice, ye know."

"Faith can ye, Terry," asserted his wife approvingly. "Yer more likely to laide them by the nose, nor to be led yerself, an' small wonder since ye have the brains to do it."

"May ye think I'm goin' to waste me money in whiskey," said Terry, roused to anger at the thought; "if they do, they'll find themselves wrong, thin." Rosie, he observed incidentally, "well move out the morrow, because our quarter's up here, and when Billy and Jim come in in the evening, I'll have the laugh on them—ha, ha, ha."

John rose up and closed his book, with a

brooded happily over the news. John had a slate and a book of algebra before him, but he had been occupying himself by drawing gables of houses and garden palings for some time past. Now he looked up and around him, and seeing the hour propitious to confidence, drew his chair close to his mother's and said, "It's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Indeed and indeed it is," responded she, heartily.

"Let us make the best of it, because it is so good, won't you?"

She looked up inquiringly and rested the hand she had just covered by a helpless stocking on the table.

"You mean the new house?" she suggested.

"Yes, mother, but please remember that father will ask Billy Doyle and Jim Cronin about going out there to live, and they are sure to tell him to sell it and invest the money, since he has the deed in his own hand. Don't let him, for the money will grow, you know; but the property will grow better every day. What Miss Sarah said about the children is a great thing, too, for there's bad air in this little court for them every way, and you know how sorry you were when the Murphys moved here, for fear of them teaching Tim to swear."

"I know that," admitted Mrs. O'Connell thoughtfully, rubbing her chin up and down the stocking foot. "But you know, John, your father is the best judge, and we must give in to him," she added mildly.

John raised his eyes reproachfully. "Now, mother," he said, "you know father don't lead well."

You know you came to America twelve years ago because he couldn't succeed in Ireland, and you know he had fifty pounds of your own to start on, which went as money always goes do with him. And you know he tried twenty things for a shop yourself and failed in all, till you began for him and kept us from starving."

"It was easy enough to do," murmured the mother deprecatingly. "I had no trouble at all, while he, poor body, was driven from pot to pillar, without a cent to pay for it."

Her son steeled himself for argument.

"Easy or not, you did it, and he didn't," he said, "and for eight years we scrambled along, he failing and you succeeding in everything you began."

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"But it was not for want of strivin' hard, John. You must not say that your father was to blame." She looked perplexed as she cast about for excuse, and finally admitted: "Some is born with a push in them, and it's them will force the way forward in spite o' fortune, but your father will be always counting on luck to help him, and it mostly goes agin' him."

"Mother," said John decidedly, "it's you that have the push in you, as you call it, and if you don't use it to thrust Billy Doyle and Jim Cronin's influence over, we'll never be a bit better for the McEwing's gift. Why?" he continued, warmly, "it would be rank folly to let the beginning of fortune go, for the sake of buying and sellin' shares, and smoking and drinking while they talk it all over."

"True for ye," said his mother, a little dejectedly, "but it's a dreadful thing to go against a man's will."

John rubbed his nose impatiently, and went on with increased warmth. "Was father in favor of your going to Miss Sarah over four years ago, when you heard she was trying to establish a school for poor children? Didn't he say it was black nonsense, when you labored late and early to get us clothes and books, till the good lady noticed your efforts and helped you? Didn't he call it foolery for you to go to the firm at Miss Sarah's suggestion, and watch and wait your chance till you got him into a good situation? You know he called luck when he got it, but you know, too, who makes the luck for this house."

"John, dear, you have a way of running on when you begin, and you're none too sparing of blame to your father either. But this last bit of fortune is all his own—ye can't deny it, and I'm glad of it."

"It is it?" said John, with significant doubt, "may be so, but Miss Sarah was your friend, and she was the giver, I'll be anything."

"Here's your father," cried Mrs. O'Connell suddenly, and rose to set a chair and close the door behind him. John applied himself to his work with great energy, and Terry noticing it, said slightly, and with a huskiness of voice only to be explained by repeated "dramas."

"There ye are, boring away, an' much good it'll do ye. Faith I'd rather see a lad ev yer age takin' to innocent diversion after yer work, nor sittin' down wid the gravity o' a monk learnin' Latin."

"The boy's well enough," said his wife, "but ye don't tell us what Tim and Billy said to ye."

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"It seems a shame to make them so grand, and leave you and Tim with yer cuts," she explained to John, "but the poor things have slept on the floor so long that it aches my heart to see them comfortable."

"Oh, Tim, and I do beautifully," cried John cheerfully, "never bother your head about us, mother. I'm going to get some tools by-and-by and make a table and some shelves, and then we'll be fine, won't we?"

"Tim?"

Tim, who had just come in from the shed, where he had been piling away some light wood that had been scattered about, and in collecting which together he had been much employed by the assistance of little Peter, gave his hearty approval to his brother's proposition, and in his own behalf entered a petition for supper, being as he protested, "just starvin'."

"An' there's more like ye, Tim," said his father, coming in with a face glowing from soap and water. "Show me a towel, Rosie dear, and put on everything ye have in the house on the table. I'm that sharp act I'll finish it all myself."

"See that now," cried Rosie laughing, "it must be a healthy place entirely when it gives ye all such appetites. I'll have to be buying a bigger porringer pot, or ye'll never have a full breakfast."

"I'm going to buy a cow, Rosie," said Terry, drawing up a chair to the table. "A cow and a dozen party chickens to lay eggs for ye. What do ye think o' that, little Peter?"

Little Peter thought so much of it that he went into spasms of rapture at the intelligence, kicking up his heels and barking for delight, while the little girls clapped their hands in chorus.

"I'll hunt for the eggs," cried Peter.

"I'll drive the cow," said Tim.

"What's that?" almost shrieked their mother in a voice of terror, letting the loaf she held drop from her hand on the table, and

## COUNTESS NELL.

She flung away, like worthless dress, the garments of her pride,  
And donned a peasant's russet gown, to be a peasant's bride;  
No one of all her lofty line had ever looked so fair,  
Braiding with simple ribbons up the beauty of her hair.

The diamond circlet from her brows, the jewels from her breast,  
The plumes and velvet of her rank, she left them with the rest;  
And to the sister that she loved, "Thou mayst be braver, May,  
But none more happy, dear, than I, upon my wedding day."

"Sweetest, farewell! go kneel for me before St. Mary's grace,  
For if my uncle ban my name, there must be one to bless;  
And tell him, great as is my love, so greater is my pain,  
For all the world is won and lost, if we shall meet again."

"Open the gates!" she said, and knelt and kissed the threshold stone,  
Then turned, with eyes that would not weep, and went her way alone.  
At morn, within the chapel gray, the priest received her vows,  
And all day long she gayly wrought in Hubert's little house.

"If it had been a peasant maid that my dear lord had wed,  
She would have labored like a bee beneath his roof," she said.  
"And shall his kindred say of this, that it was not as well,  
When for the love she bore to him, he married Countess Nell?"

"I'll learn to spin the shining flax, to milk the spotted kine,  
To keep my cottage hearthstone bright, and train my bowery vine;  
I'll learn to dress our simple food, to bake our wheaten bread,  
And be a peasant's wife, indeed," the high-born lady said.

So she laid down the silver lute, to hear the distaff hum,  
Or only ceased her happy song to watch her husband come;  
And if the unaccustomed task put her weak hands to pain,  
She said, "he kissed this little hand," and labored on again.

Ah! how we women yield to such our soul and being up,  
A pearl of countless cost dissolved to fill their brimming cup.

We, at their bidding, hide our cares and put away our fears;  
We learn to smile for them, and keep for lonely hours our tears.

Our love, that sprung in joy, in grief clings with a closer hold,  
And if our idols be but clay, we strive to find them gold.  
Oh! who shall tell in what strange ways affection's course may run,  
Since noble Countess Nell so loved a humble peasant's son?

## THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE ROAD.

The brilliant gleams of dawn were already coloring the crests of the distant mountains; the warm beams of the rising sun, issuing from a mass of golden and purple clouds, dissipated the fog; the vapor rose like a curtain and revealed in all its majestic grandeur the splendid landscape of which the Hacienda del Barrio formed the centre. On the right extended the verdant valley through which the Rio Grande del Norte forced its capricious windings. On the left, in the midst of a profusion of clumps of trees, rocks and hills, girt with a garland of verdure, extended a great lake, whose surface, slightly ruffled by the pure and refreshing morning breeze, sparkled in the sunbeams. Lofty mountains, scarped rocks, and banks, on which grew sumachas, mahogany, and cork trees, framed in this magnificent sheet of water, and the harmonious rustling of the dew-laden leaves seemed to impart a sort of life to this calm scenery which the hand of man had not yet deformed, and which rose radiant beneath the powerful breath of the Creator.

The coming dawn had scarce begun to dispel the gloom ere all was in motion at the hacienda. The peons fetched the animals from the corrals while the cavaliers led their horses to the watering place, or went in search of dry wood to rekindle the bivouac fires and prepare the morning repast. Don Annibal's numerous visitors gave their followers orders to load the mules and saddle the horses, so as to be ready to start at the first signal.

The Count de Melgosa quitted the apartment in which he had passed the night, and accompanied by the haciadero, who insisted on seeing him off, he proceeded to the first patio, where his people were already waiting, as at the first beam of day, left without much regret the hard bed on which he had slumbered for only two or three hours.

"What?" Don Annibal said with surprise, on seeing the count's small escort, "did you venture to come here so weakly escorted in this time of trouble and disorder?"

"Why not?" the count said, carelessly; "the six men you see are devoted to me; they are old soldiers, accustomed to fire. Moreover, what have I to fear?" he added with an ironical smile. "Are we not at peace?"

"Yes, for the present at any rate; but the long wars we have had to endure have, as you know, ruined and reduced many people to desperation; the country is infested with marauders, and this frontier especially, exposed to the continual incursions of the Indians, is anything but safe. I repeat, Senor Conde, that you committed a serious act of imprudence in bringing so few people with you, and, with your permission, I will give you an escort to protect you from all danger."

"Do nothing of the sort, my friend," the count answered, quickly; "although I sincerely thank you for the solicitude you display, I am convinced that your fears are exaggerated."

"Still—" the haciadero continued.



"WOE, WOE! THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH!"

"Not a word more on the subject, I beg; you would seriously annoy me by pressing it further. Moreover," he said with a laugh, as he pointed to the Canadian, "my escort is augmented by an ally who, in case of need, I am persuaded, would not hesitate to come to my help. So, say no more about it, and good-bye. Excuse my leaving you so suddenly, but we have a long ride before us along roads which, you know as well as I do, are very bad, and it is time for me to start."

"Since you insist, count, I can only wish you a prosperous journey, and take my leave of you."

"Good-bye, my friend," he said, as he affectionately pressed Don Annibal's hand. "I trust that we shall soon meet again, under circumstances more agreeable to you and me."

"Whatever may happen, or whatever fate destiny reserves for us, be assured that nothing can alter the friendship I feel for you."

"I know it, and thank you," the count said, as he got into the saddle. "Are you ready to accompany me, señor?" he asked again.

"I have been waiting some time for you, señor," the latter answered, in his usual rough way.

The count examined him for a moment, smiled slightly, shrugged his shoulders, but made no remark. After exchanging a few more affectionate remarks with the haciadero, he slightly raised his hat, gave the order to depart, and the little band left the hacienda at a sharp trot. The horsemen, splendidly armed, and rifle on thigh, traversed in good order the camp formed outside the hacienda, without replying to the sarcasms or jests of the Mexicans, who collected as they passed, and showered on them witticisms, which were at times offensive.

The count rode gravely at the head of the little party, looking neither to the right nor left, apparently indifferent to the coarse jokes levelled upon him.

The Canadian remounted, and they continued their silent march. At the end of an hour they reached the spot where the count proposed to stop and breakfast, and allow the great heat to pass before he started again. It was a rather large clearing, in the midst of which glistened a pool of water so clear and limpid that the sky was reflected in it, with all its lights and shadows. This pool discharged its overflow into the lake by means of a shallow stream, which ran murmuring over a bed of pebbles, half hidden by the numerous tufts of nymphas which bordered it. Singular to say, not a single insect, peopled this solitude.

When the count had given orders to halt, all dismounted. The two men stationed themselves as sentries at either end of the path which ran through the clearing: two others took the horses by the bridle, and led them to drink from the lake, which was only one hundred yards distant; while the last two lit the fire and got breakfast ready, employing the water they carried in their leather bottles to boil the *fríjoles*, as they would sooner reduce their stock than take water from this pool—which, however, was so inviting, especially for men wearied by a long ride in the burning beams of a tropical sun, and whose throats were parched by thirst.

The fact was that this pond, apparently so innocent and pure, contained death in its waters—a *fríjol*, incalpable, almost instantaneous death. In a word, this water, though no one was able to explain the cause, contained a violent poison, whose effects were so terrible, that the very animals, whose admirable instinct never deceives them, did not dare drink it, but shunned its vicinity as if it were impregnated with the poison it contained. This was the cause of the utter solitude which reigned in this clearing, which travellers, however, brought to these parts by accident, sought for its delicious coolness, and the security they enjoyed against the attacks of wild beasts.

The adventurer, after carefully rubbing his horse down, hobbling it, and giving it its ration of maize on his *zarape*, lay down on the grass, and fumbling in his *olforjos*, produced a ship-biscuit and a piece of goat's milk cheese, which he was preparing to eat with good appetite, when the count, who had curiously watched the arrangements of this frugal meal, walked up and bowed courteously to him.

"Caballero," he said, "will you do me the honor of sharing my breakfast?"

The Canadian raised his head, and looked at the speaker in surprise.

"Why do you make me this offer, señor?" he asked.

"Because," the count answered frankly, "I wish to break the ice, and remove the coolness prevailing between us. What I have seen you do to-day," he added, pointing to the eagle's body, "proves to me that you are a man of heart. People of your stamp are rare, and I wish to have your esteem, if not your friendship."

"What I did to save a wretched bird, caballero, I would not hesitate, under any circumstances, to do for a man; but permit me to remark that I see nothing in it but what is perfectly natural."

"Perhaps so; but, unhappily, few men comprehend their duties in the same way."

"I pity them, caballero, though I dare not blame them, for each man acts according to the instincts which God has implanted in his heart."

"All the worse," he muttered, at the moment when the eagle, which only appeared like a black dot in the air, was about to be come invisible. "I will save it."

With a movement swift as thought he raised his rifle and pulled the trigger. The

Spaniards halted, and looked in amazement at the adventurer; but the latter, whose eyes were obstinately fixed on the sky, did not seem to notice the attention of which he was the object. The eagle, suddenly arrested in its flight, fell with headlong speed, turning in space. Suddenly its claws relaxed, and the delivered victim, half wild with terror, though unbound, fell perpendicularly for some seconds with its enemy; but, suddenly opening its wings, the poor parrot soared, and then resumed its flight with a long cry of delight, while the eagle writhed in its death throes at the hunter's feet. The Canadian's bullet had passed right through its body.

"Ah!" the woodranger said, gladly; "though a powder-charge is precious in the desert, I do not repeat this one."

The Spaniards could not restrain a cry of admiration at this miraculous display of skill. The Canadian dismounted, and seizing his rifle by the barrel, advanced upon the eagle, which, with body thrown back and wings extended, looked undauntedly at him. With one blow of the butt, dealt with no ordinary strength, the adventurer settled the bird, which did not make the slightest effort to avoid the blow.

"Will you sell me that bird?" the count said, at the moment when the hunter stooped to pick up the royal bird.

"I will give it you if you like to accept it," the Canadian replied.

"Very good," the count said, making one of his men a sign to pick the bird up and place it on his horse.

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with what diabolical art the Red Skins torture white men who fall into their hands."

"Our choice is not doubtful," the count answered boldly; "we will defend our selves."

"Good," said the Canadian, "that is speaking like a man."

"The only thing is, we do not know what we ought to do in order to sell our lives as dearly as possible."

The Canadian appeared to reflect.

"Well," he said, a moment later, "I must not conceal anything from you, your salvation depends, not only on your resolution, but also on the skill with which you fight your enemies. The Red Skins are cunning, and it is by cunning alone that you will be able to conquer them. Now, although your situation is critical, I do not consider it desperate; but there must be no hesitation or false steps, which would prove your ruin."

"We, and I the first, place ourselves under your orders, senor," said the count; "from this moment you are our chief, and whatever you command, we will do."

"Is that really the case?" he said, gladdly; "well, then, set your minds at rest. These red devils, clever as they are, have not got us yet, and with God's help we will give them a tough job to get hold of our scalps."

At no great distance from the spot where the travellers had halted, the stream to which we have alluded formed a rather sharp curve, in consequence of a mass of lofty rocks which almost completely barred its course. These rocks, though belonging to the mainland, advanced almost into the centre of the river bed, which they commanded for some forty yards, piled up irregularly on one another, doubtless through one of the earthquakes so frequent in this country. These rocks were sufficiently wide for twenty men to shelter themselves, and carefully wrapped him up, the speaker saying in a whisper—

"The dew is heavy at this season of the year, and the nights are cold."

And he resumed his watch, looking round him carefully, in order to assure himself that, during the few seconds he had employed in doing this service to the count, no suspicious movement had occurred outside. Suddenly he started, and his eyes, obstinately fixed on an adjacent thicket, seemed trying to pierce the gloom. Gradually raising his rifle, whose barrel was browned in order that the moonbeams might not be reflected from it, he cocked and raised it, but at the sound of the hammer a shadow emerged from the centre of the clump, and holding out its arms to the hunter, several times waved a buffalo robe.

At this signal of peace, which was familiar to him, the hunter, without lowering his rifle, so that he might be able to resist any attempted treachery, sharply asked the person standing motionless in front of him, who he was and what he wanted.

"My brother the Sumach is a great pale-faced brute," the stranger answered; "a chief wishes to sit at his fire, and smoke in council with him."

The hunter, on hearing the name of the Sumach, by which the Indians ordinarily designated him, understood that he was recognized; but he cared very little about it, for he was perfectly aware that the Red Skins knew the number of white men hidden by the side of the Canadian's.

"Good," said the adventurer, rubbing his hands; "let the Red Skins come now and we will give them the reception they deserve."

Still he did not consider himself sufficiently safe yet behind these natural defences, and, helped by his comrades, he actively began raising a barricade with trees and lumps of rock, so as to form a sort of parapeted wall behind which it was possible to fire without showing themselves.

"Now," he said to the Spaniards, as he calculated the height of the sun, "it is five o'clock. The Indians, who although invisible, have not lost one of our movements, will not attack us before midnight; that is to say, we have two hours before us to rest and eat our supper. Do not be afraid about lighting a fire; our enemies are perfectly acquainted with our position. Hence, we have no need to hide ourselves. Still, two of you will carefully watch the bank, while two others collect dry wood, and cut grass for the horses."

The order was immediately executed. The Canadian then sat down, quietly lit his pipe, and made the count a sign to follow him.

"Now, senor," he said to him, "you see that every precaution has been made for a vigorous defence."

"Yes," the count kindly replied, "and with a skill and promptness which I cannot sufficiently admire."

"Nonsense; it is only habit. I suppose your soldiers are brave?"

"As lions."

"Very good. Are they good shots?"

"They are far from equaling you, still they possess considerable skill."

"In a word they will do their best, and we can expect no more from a man. But I have another and more serious question to ask you. Have you ammunition?"

"Hang it. That is the thing which any man loves. My men have only sixty rounds apiece."

"Come, come, we are richer than I believed. I have about one hundred charges."

"And I the same," the count interrupted.

"In that case, if we have provisions enough to hold out for two days, we are saved."

As for food, the two miles are loaded with it."

"Bravo, senor," the Canadian shouted joyously; "we have nothing more to fear now, so banish all anxiety."

"I really do not know how to repute the devotion you display to a person who is a stranger to you, and who can inspire you with but very slight interest."

"Are you not a man?" the Canadian replied. "That is enough for me. On the desert we are all brothers. You have a claim to my protection, as I have to yours. And besides, must I not defend my scalp?"

"Good, good," the count said with a smile, "the day may perhaps come for me to prove my gratitude to you."

"Not a word about that, if you wish to cause me pleasure. And stay—supper is ready, let us eat, for we must recruit our strength for the job which awaits us to-night."

They rose and joined the soldiers who were seated round the fire and eating with good appetite. By this time the sun had descended behind the lofty mountains, and night was at hand; the cloudless sky was begemmed with an infinite number of stars which were reflected in the silvery mirror of the stream; the coming breeze soughed softly through the branches, bringing with it the penetrating odors of the plants and flowers.

"Lie down, all of you," the Canadian said in a tone that admitted of no reply.

"Go to sleep, so that you may be fresh for work when the hour arrives. I will keep watch for all, as your eyes would see nothing in the gloom."

"I will watch with you," said the count, "I feel that it would be impossible for me to sleep."

"Very good, senor."

Both then stationed themselves in a natu-

ral embrasure formed by two rocks coming closer together, and began their watch, during which the Canadian carefully surveyed the river bank.

#### CHAPTER XVIII. THE RED SKINS.

In the meanwhile the night had become more and more gloomy; the wind had risen in the north-east, driving before it heavy gray clouds, which interrupted the moonbeams, and collected over the canon. The count, obliged to keep silent, and worn out by the fatigue of a long ride, felt his eyelids involuntarily droop. At first he resisted the lethargy that assailed him; but, as he could not change his position, he soon found it impossible to carry on the struggle. His head fell on his chest, his eyes closed, he let his rifle fall, and went fast asleep. The adventurer gazed at him for a moment with an expression of pity mingled with pride.

"Neither one nor the other, chief; accident alone brought me into their company," the hunter sharply replied.

"A valiant soldier for all that," he muttered, "but incapable of withstanding the fatigue of a lengthened watch in the presence of the Indians; better for him to sleep in peace."

Then, with an anxiety which had something filial in its rough kindness, he took off his thick cap, of Indian manufacture, and carefully wrapped him up, the speaker saying in a whisper—

"The dew is heavy at this season of the year, and the nights are cold."

And he resumed his watch, looking round him carefully, in order to assure himself that, during the few seconds he had employed in doing this service to the count, no suspicious movement had occurred outside. Suddenly he started, and his eyes, obstinately fixed on an adjacent thicket, seemed trying to pierce the gloom. Gradually raising his rifle, whose barrel was browned in order that the moonbeams might not be reflected from it, he cocked and raised it, but at the sound of the hammer a shadow emerged from the centre of the clump, and holding out its arms to the hunter, several times waved a buffalo robe.

At this signal of peace, which was familiar to him, the hunter, without lowering his rifle, so that he might be able to resist any attempted treachery, sharply asked the person standing motionless in front of him, who he was and what he wanted.

"I thank you and yours, chief," the Canadian said, still perfectly calm, "for the interest you are kind enough to show for me. I too love your brothers; I have never fought your tribe except against the grain, and I should be vexed to level my rifle at them."

"Wah! my brother speaks well; wisdom dwells in him. Let him follow the chief to his camp; his place is marked out at the council fire."

"I should be glad to do so, chief," the hunter said, with a sad shake of the head. "Heaven is my witness that I should like to avoid bloodshed between us. Unhappily, what you propose is impossible; honor forbids my acceptance. I have sworn to protect these men, and will die or escape with them."

The Indian reflected for some minutes.

"My brother's intention is mad," he at length continued; "these Yoris must die."

"Why should it be so? can they not ransom themselves?" Why shed blood unnecessarily?" The Yoris will pay a ransom, and the Comanches will allow them to continue their journey in peace."

The Indian, in his turn, shook his head sadly several times.

"No," he said, "this is not the Mexican moon; the Comanches are not seeking to booty, but want revenge. My brother must not press me further, but will abandon the Yoris. One of the great Comanche chiefs has been insulted, and the avenger of blood is behind the pale faces; they will die; I have spoken."

The Canadian rose.

"Though I refuse to accept my brother's offer," he said, "I am not the less grateful for the step which he has uselessly taken, in second the wood crackled, and a brilliant flame rose skywards, illuminating all surrounding objects, and especially the person of the Indian, who with his arms crossed on his chest, and head erect, placed himself so that not one of his features should escape the woodranger's searching glance.

"It is well, chief," the Canadian said, as he rested his rifle-butt on the ground, assured, apparently, at any rate, that the Indian was alone. "You can come and take your place by my fire."

At the noise caused by this interview, the Spaniards had risen and seized their weapons in order to be ready for any event.

"What is the matter?" the count asked, anxiously.

"Nothing out of the common in the rules of Indian tactics," the hunter answered; "a Red Skin chief desires, before attacking us, to make us probably unacceptable persons."

"Why receive him, then?" the count continued.

"Refusing to do so would lead him and the demons hidden in the bushes to suppose that we are afraid; it is better to let him come. The time he loses here in useless words will be so much gained by us."

"That is true," the count said, with a smile; "and what part do you propose we should play in this farce?"

"None at all. Go to sleep again, or, if your anxiety renders that impossible, pretend to sleep. This security on our part will produce a greater effect on the chief's mind than a ridiculous display of strength."

"But suppose this man only comes to us for the purpose of laying a trap, a trap which we cannot see?"

"In an instant the Spaniards were armed and ambushed behind the rocks. The count walked up to the hunter and said, as he cordially pressed his hand—

"Senor Olivero, I heard all; you could save yourself by abandoning us, but refused to do so. I thank you."

"Nonsense," the adventurer replied, laughing; "did you not understand that the Indian was setting a clumsy trap for me, into which I was not so simple as to fall?"

"Why try to reduce the merit of your loyal conduct? I know perfectly well, and you know as well as I do, that this man spoke the truth."

"That is possible. Would you not have done the same in my place?"

"That is a singular question. Do you imagine, pray, that everybody has your heart?"

The Canadian began laughing, and the conversation broke off here for the present, for an immense belt of flame rose from the bank and enveloped the gloom as if by enchantment, the Indians were beginning their attack by firing the grass, so that they might see the enemy's camp at their ease.

At the same instant a cloud of arrows and a hailstorm of bullets hailed over the camp, though it was impossible for the Spaniards to distinguish a single enemy.

"Spare your ammunition," the Canadian recommended his companions; "do not fire till you are certain; who knows how long this may last? Do not expose yourselves unless you wish to be traversed by an arrow or hit by a bullet; we are waging an Indian war, in which courage is most shown in prudence."

The hunter, however, with his body bent forward, was attentively seeking an opportunity to fire, following the direction of the shots; but the Red Skins knew by experience the infallible precision of his aim, and were not at all anxious to serve as his target; hence they re-loaded their precautions. Suddenly the Canadian fancied he saw a slight movement behind some logs collected on the bank and fired. At the same instant an Indian leapt up like a wounded buck, and then fell back; several warriors dashed forward to pick up his body, and four fresh shots produced four more corpses. The Indians then fled, abandoning their wounded, who writhed in the last convulsions of death, and all fell back into such deep silence that had it not been for the sight of the corpses and the increasing con-

flagration, it might have been supposed that all had been a dream.

"Well," the count said, as he re-loaded his gun, "it was a sharp skirmish, but the lesson was a good one, and I hope they will profit by it."

"Do not fancy that they will so easily give up getting hold of you. Have a little patience and you will see them return. Have we any wounded?"

"Not a soul."

"Heaven is blessed! let us redouble our vigilance, for it is probable that they are at this moment inventing some diabolical stratagem to deceive us."

Nearly two hours elapsed, and the Red Skins did not make the slightest movement indicating their desire to attempt a fresh attack.

"I believe, my friend," the count said, "that you are mistaken, and that these demons have definitely given up the contest."

The Canadian shook his head, as he sought to distinguish what was going on upon the river bank by the expiring flames of the conflagration.

"The Red Skins have the eye of the eagle and the wisdom of the snake. They saw the Sunach enter the stone wall, which the whites call the hacienda del Barrio, accompanied by white men, and leave it in the same fashion."

"What does that prove, chief? Besides it concerns you but little, I suppose, if I am a friend of the Yoris, or have they taken him prisoner in some ambuscade, and made him their slave?"

"Neither one nor the other, chief; accident alone brought me into their company," the hunter sharply replied.

"The Comanches of the Lakes," he said, "are surprised at finding here a great brave like my brother the Sunach. Can he have become a friend of the Yoris, or have they taken him prisoner in some ambuscade, and made him their slave?"

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Would Not Suit.

A cook, having called for a situation at the house of Mr. X—, it so chanced when that gentleman was at home, and his wife absent—began to prosecute her inquiries about the place. She went through the usual list of "privileges," "stationary tubs," "other help," and so forth, and then, before the astonished gentleman could interpose any inquiries of his own, asked to be shown the whole house, as she "couldn't abide being in any but a first-class establishment." Mr. X, having by this time recovered from his surprise, gravely escorted her to the parlor, which, after critically examining, she approved. Next, he took her to the guest's chamber, which also she approved; whereupon Mr. X asked her if it would suit her for her own. She replied that it would perfectly, as she was fond of mirrors and rosewood furniture.

"All right, madam," then adds Mr. X gallantly, "but—I suppose you speak French?"

"No."

"No? Not speak French? Hum! Of course you paint?"

"Oh no, sir."

"Not paint, indeed! Well, then, certainly you play the piano?"

"No, sir, please."

"Ah, then, you will not suit. My rule is invariable that when a cook occupies this chamber, she must speak French, paint, and play the piano."

The fastidious cook went away feeling very much as if a new idea had been suggested to her.

## An Equivocal Inducement.

We yesterday heard rather a good story on one of our city ministers. During last winter a revival was in progress in one of the country churches near the city. Among the regular attendants on the meeting was a beautiful and estimable, but rather unsophisticated young lady, whose friends were very anxious to have her united with the church.

She seemed, however, reluctant to do so, and the minister in question was requested to "talk to her." This he did several times, on one occasion saying, in a jocular manner, "Miss M., if you will join the church I'll marry you," meaning he would perform the ceremony. The girl seemed pleased with the proposition, and a few evenings after walked up to the altar and united with the church.

Several weeks after this the minister preached at the church, and after the services met the young lady. "Bro. ——," said she, "you know you promised to marry me if I'd join the church. Are you going to do so? I don't want to wait any longer." The minister saw his dilemma, and attempted to explain, "I meant I would perform the ceremony," he said, "that's all. I can't marry you myself, for I am already married, and love my wife too much to desire to swap her off for another."

The young lady became indignant, declared that she'd leave the church, and that she "never did have much faith in these town preachers." Our ministerial friend declares that he will never again use any other than plain scriptural argument to induce a young lady to join the church.—*New Albany Commercial*.

## Tailors Defended.

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations:

1. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth.

2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabage.

3. As a sailor, he sheers off wherever it is proper.

4. As a play actor, he often brandishes a bare baton.

5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.

6. As an executioner, he provides suspenders or gallowses for many persons.

7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.

8. As a sheriff's officer, he does much at stamping.

9. As a rational and Scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others.

## Involuntary Partnership.

Some years ago there went to and fro on one of the steamers on Long Island Sound (Stonington line) a colored man of the name of Watson, who acted in the capacity of barber. The demand for shaving being limited, and a desire for the accumulation of wealth animating his bosom, he obtained from the steward permission to sell ice-cream in the saloon after getting underway. He engaged as assistant a bright boy of twelve, named Frank. On being asked one evening how trade was, Watson replied that there "seemed to be a good deal of cream sold, but not much money coming in," he "couldn't understand it." A few minutes afterward the same question was propounded to Frank. His reply was, "Tip-top!" On being told what Watson had stated, he looked up and said, his eyes twinkling, "O! Watson and me is in partnership, but Watson don't know it!"

COULD CRADLE.—A correspondent at Utica informs us that a couple of Irish lads of that city, wishing to obtain a little extra pocket-money, determined to go into the country during harvest-time and work among the farmers. Encountering a kindly-looking man of this class they made application for employment. "Can you cradle?" asked the farmer. Now an Irishman in search of work was never known to confess ignorance of anything; but this question was a puzzler. The boys looked at each other, as if for a suggestion. No use. At length Dennis, looking boldly at the farmer, said: "Of course we can cradle, but *could ye give us a job out doors?*"

"A SWINDLE."—The Journal of the Telegraph tells the story of an odd telegraphic blunder. "A merchant who was absent from his home received a telegram informing him of his wife's safe delivery of a little boy; at the same time a letter from his partner advising him that a draft had been presented for five thousand dollars, and the signature seemed rather doubtful. The merchant replied to both dispatches, but misdirected them. The astonishment of the wife may be imagined when she read: 'I know nothing about it; it is a swindle.' The partner received hearty congratulations upon his safe delivery."



INTELLECTUAL CREATURE.—"No, it's utterly impossible for a fellah to stand this disgusting weather. I feel as if all my bwains were going to the dogs."

LADY.—"Dear, dear! Poor dogs!"

## "SOMEBODY."

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

There's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about, And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out; He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night, And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogue I have read of in song or in tale, Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail; But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times, Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes; Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run, Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

"Somebody" has taken my knife," one will say; "Somebody" has carried my pencil away; "Somebody" has gone and thrown down all the blocks;" "Somebody" ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,

And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their skates,

Turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,

And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.

One night a dull sound like the thump of a head

Announced that one youngster was out of his bed;

And he said half asleep, when asked what it meant,

"Somebody" is pushing me out of the tent!"

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,

We must summon in the detective police;

And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known

The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,

That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,

How queer it would look if we saw them all go!

Marched off to the station-house, six in a row!

## Eyesight.

At the age of seventy years a name honored and revered on both continents writes: "I am now writing this with my eyes closed, by the aid of a machine and even this at some peril of blindness. My general health is perfect, and I am able to do as much work as ever, without fatigue."

My only difficulty is with my eyes, and this is a serious and alarming one."

To have good health, and to be capable both as to mind and body of doing full work, and yet not be allowed to do any, and this to have been the case, more or less, for ten years past, and to last for all this life to come, as it certainly will, is a terrible calamity; a clear loss of twenty years labor to the world.

This condition was induced by the person getting up to study and write at four o'clock winter and summer for a series of years. A benevolent Providence has arranged that the glare of light shall come on very gradually in the morning and that as gradually shall it depart into darkness in the evening. The painfulness of coming instantly into a bright light is familiar to all. And yet after the eyes have been closed in the perfect darkness of sleep for seven or eight hours, to be instantly exposed to a bright gas or other artificial light, for early study is practised by many; and without knowing it very many students thus prepare themselves for an early impairment of sight, to say nothing of the bodily suffering, of mental chafing and disquietude and loss of time and money.

There is no gain, in the long run by using the eyes to read or write after sun-down or before sunrise and breakfast; it may be done with a measure of impunity in a few cases; but in nine cases out of ten disaster will follow; in no case is night study an economy of time, nor is it a necessity as a habitual thing. Night is the time for rest.

The fate of the Confederacy perhaps hung on that moment; when at this length of time I think upon the awful interests that were at stake, my brain reels and I grow faint.

The general arose unconscious of his peril,

and walked, with a rapid military tread, into the house, followed by his staff, and very soon we could see them through the open window engaged in eating breakfast. I was completely baffled, and had no opportunity, nor had any of us, to renew our attempts, as a body of cavalry soon arrived, before whom we thought it prudent to retire, and accordingly made a sudden retreat.

Henry Ward Beecher applied to Oliver

Wendell Holmes for a remedy for hay fever.

"Gravel, about eight feet deep," was the witty physician's recipe. That is the cure of most of the ills flesh is heir to.

## Healthfulness of Apples.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbages require five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.—*Christian Advocate*.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Items.

—An exchange says, two posts split from the same log were set for gate posts, one top end in the ground, the other butt end in the ground; the first lasted seventeen years, the other ten years.

—Good picked winter apples are selling in Worcester, Mass., at \$2.50 per barrel—half a dollar less than potatoes can be had for.

—The Gardeners' Monthly says that a great revolution has occurred in selecting trees for planting. Bushy plants are now sought for. The shade which the side branches make is considered beneficial to the tree. With very low branched trees there is this advantage, that the plough or the spade cannot approach very near the trunk to damage the roots.

—In England many farmers support large families on the produce of six English acres of land, beside paying heavy taxes. Many in Germany do even better than this.

—Sorrel, which is a pest to any field, may be eradicated by the judicious application of lime or ashes. The souring principle of sorrel is oxalic acid; if this is removed from the soil, sorrel cannot grow. Lime or potash unite with the oxalic acid, forming oxalate of lime or potash. These substances are sometimes called sweeteners of the soil, from their ability to remove acids from it. Sorrel will never grow on lime soils.

—We see it stated that American hay is objected to on account of its coarseness, as compared with English raised hay. Possibly they got hold of a lot of rank Timothy, but the fact is, American hay is really worth more, as a general thing, than English, for the reason that it grows in a better climate and is usually better cured. We never saw a specimen of hay raised in England that could compare with the average of the hay raised and cured in this country. And stock that had to eat it would come to the same conclusion.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

—A Hamburgh, N. Y., farmer, who has had large experience in feeding cabbage and turnips to cows, says his practice is to feed immediately after milking—never before—and he has never been troubled with the milk being flavored. He also says he feeds turnips whole, with the tops on, as there is no danger from choking when fed in this way.

—Farming is a trade; and a man has to learn it, however much he may know; the knowledge must be applied, and made the man's business. He cannot learn it in a day, but must expect to improve constantly. A good understanding is a very good basis to begin with—it is rearing a superstructure on a good foundation.

—The Texas cattle disease has appeared in Southern California, creating an excitement.

## Farmers' Shoe Grease.

Put into some fire proof vessel one-fourth of lard or soft grease like lard, one-fourth pound of tallow—beef or mutton tallow—one-fourth pound of beeswax, half a pint of neatfoot oil, three or four table-spoonfuls of lampblack, and a piece of gum camphor as large as a hen's egg. Melt the ingredients over a slow fire, and stir them thoroughly after they are melted. Never heat it so hot as to make it boil. Soft grease which has salt in it will not injure the leather. Now, have the leather warm, and warm the grease, not so it will flow, but have it so soft that it may be put on with a brush. Should the leather seem to need it, give the shoes or boots an oiling occasion.

—It is not best to dry this shoe grease all in before the fire, but allow it to remain on the surface of the leather. A light coat of this kind will exclude the water even if the boots are exposed to the wet all day. This shoe grease will not injure leather by rendering it hard and inelastic. When a man's boots are exposed to wet, he should wash them clean at night, and hang them up in the kitchen where the leather will dry gradually, and put on a little grease every morning. It is far better to grease a little often than to grease bountifully every ten or twelve days. Leather should not be allowed to become very dry before greasing. Always apply the grease as soon as the leather is almost dry; then the leather will be mellow, and never become hard. Nothing injures boots or shoes more than to set them aside to dry when covered with dirt. Keep boots and shoes away from the fire when they are liable to be heated. Heating the leather injures it.

## RECEIPTS.

MINCED COLD RABBIT.—Cut up your meat into a mince, add about a third of its weight of good fat bacon cut equally small; rub well into it some nutmeg, shred lemon-peel, salt, and Cayenne pepper, put it into a stewpan with a few table-spoonfuls of stock, stew it for a quarter of an hour, add a good piece of butter rolled in flour, and serve with sippets of fried bread.

TURMIPS AND SUGAR.—Slice the turnips in dice in a saucepan, and throw in boiling water to blanch them. When three-quarters done, take them out. Put them on the plate with a teaspoonful of butter, stir, and have it simmering till done. Then spread sugar over it, and serve.

Turmips glacis are made the same, only butter is put on them with the sugar, and they are finished in the oven.

## THE RIBBLER.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.  
My 1, 4, 11, 18, 10, is a valuable wood.  
My 2, 14, 5, 8, 1, 13, is a rascal.  
My 3, 5, 14, 4, is a wild wanderer.  
My 4, 9, 8, 2, 1, 5, is a valuable animal.  
My 5, 14, 2, 9, 7, is a bird.  
My 6, 13, 8, 8, 10, is a country in Europe.  
My 7, 1, 5, 22, was a Roman Emperor.  
My 8, 14, 2, 1, 5, is a large basin.  
My 9, 3, 5, 8, 10, was a rebel general.  
My 10, 9, 14, 5, is a portion of time.  
My 11, 16, 5, 1, is a title of respect.  
My 12, 3, 15, 21, is a kind of cloth.  
My 13, 9, 14, 8, is a species of duck.  
My 14, 1, 5, 16, 3, 8, is lofty.  
My 15, 5, 6, 8, 8, 11, is what we all have to endure.

My 16, 23, 15, 14, is a small quantity.  
My 17, 20, 6, 22, is a river in the United States.

My 18, 1, 8, 12, 17, was an English hero.

My 19, 5, 16, 22, 7, is a beautiful constellation.

My 20, 17, 7, 1, 12, 15, is what all should be.

My 21, 5, 22, 18, is a metal.

My 22, 11, 6, 14, 7, was an ancient Celtic bard.

My 23, 12, 15, 1, 10, is a Roman Emperor.

My 24, 1, 10, 12, 17, 18, is a small quantity.

My 25, 18, 20, 22, 23, is a river in the United States.